

“I hope you will prosper, and get on in the profession we have chosen for you.”

Arthur had a great dislike to a seafaring life, his mind longed for something higher; and the banishment from Herbert seemed terrible.

“When am I to go?” he asked in a low and smothered voice.

“Well, we thought it was best not to lose such a good opportunity, and so—”

Mr. Dixon was not naturally a hard-hearted man, and he could not bear to watch the look of pain that was gradually stealing over Arthur's ashy face; but Mrs. Dixon had no such feelings, and she said harshly,—

“You go on the 29th of December, Arthur, so you may as well make up your mind to it. If you had behaved yourself properly and shown a respectful gratitude for all the kindness we have heaped upon you, we should not have thought these measures necessary.”

“When did you say I was to go?” said